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A NEW WAY
TO
PAY OLD DEBTS

A

COMEDY

WRITTEN BY

PHILIP MASSINGER, GENT.

With the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK

AT

The Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.

LONDON

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NOW ON SALE.

A NEW WAY

T O

P A Y O L D D E B T S.

A C T I.

SCENE, The Outside of a Village Ale-House.

Wellborn, Tapwell, Froth.

Well. **N**O liquor? nor no credit?

Tap. None, sir;

Not the remainder of a single can,

Left by a drunken porter; all night pall'd too.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brach!

The devil turn'd precision? Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth! durst I trust you with a looking-glass, To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me, And take the name yourself.

Well. How! dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance your voice, There dwells, and within call (if it please your worship) A potent monarch, call'd the constable, That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks; Such as with great dexterity will hale Your poor tatter'd—

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk
thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and, *Timothy Tapwell*
Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and cloath'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are is apparent. Now for a farewell:
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Old Sir *John Wellborn*, justice of peace, and *quorum*;
And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*;
Bare the whole sway of the shire; kept a great house;
Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Mr. *Francis*, but now forlorn *Wellborn*—

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly,
You cannot be out of your way.

Tap. But to my story, I shall proceed, sir:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler: note the change now,
You had a merry time of't. Hawks and hounds;
With choice of running horses: mistresses,
And other such extravagancies;
Which your uncle, Sir *Giles Overreach*, observing,
Resolving not to lose so fair an opportunity,
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your lavishness, and then left you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet.

Your lands gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scap'd

Your

Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman to the groom ;
 While I, honest *Tim Tapwell*, with a little stock,
 Some Forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage ;
 Humbled myself to marriage with my *Frost* here ;
 Gave entertainment ——

Well. Yes, to whores and pickpockets.

Tap. True, but they brought in profit ;
 And had a gift to pay what they call'd for ;
 And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
 I glean'd from them, hath made me in my parish
 Thought worthy to be scavenger ; and in time
 May rise to be overseer of the poor ;
 Which if I do, on your petition, *Wellborn*,
 I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter ;
 And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dog-bolt ——

And thus ——

[Beats him.]

Tap. Cry out for help !

Well. Stir, and thou diest :

Your potent prince the constable shall not save you.
 Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound ! did not I
 Make purses for you ? Then you lick'd my boots,
 And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
 'Twas I, that when I heard thee swear, if ever
 Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
 Live like an emperor : 'twas I that gave it,
 In ready gold. Deny this, wretch !

Tap. I must, fir.

For from the tavern to the tap-house, all,
 On forfeiture of their licence, stand bound,
 Never to remember who the best guests were,
 If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded

That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.

Thou viper, thankless viper !

But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
 Your memory, and kick thee into remembrance ;
 Not leave one bone unbroken.

Tap. Oh !

Enter Allworth.

Allw. Hold, for my sake, hold !

Deny me, *Frank*? they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this
sceptre : [Shaking his cudgel.]
But let 'em vanish,
For if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband ; you pre-
sum'd
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Tho' you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth,
There's no law to cure our bruises.

[They go off into the house.]

Well. Sent for to your mother ?

Allw. My lady, Frank, my patroness ! my all !
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy ; her life
With the splendor of her actions leaves no tongue
To envy, or detraction. Pr'ythee tell me :
Has she no suitors ?

Allw. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted : such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again ; but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence ;
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment. I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors names.

Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel. I am bound to it ;
Thy father was my friend ; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee :
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allw. I thank your noble care ; but, pray you, in
what
Do I run the hazard ?
Well. Art thou not in love ?
Put it not off with wonder.

Allw.

Allw. In love, at my years?

Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transient.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made ;
 And, with my finger, can point out the north star,
 By which the load-stone of your folly's guided.
 And, to confirm this true, what think you of
 Fair Margaret, the only child, and heir
 Of cormorant *Overreach*? Dost blush and start,
 To hear her only nam'd ? Blush at your want
 Of wit and reason.

Allw. You are too bitter, sir.

Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cur'd
 With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain :
 Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the porter's lodge,
 And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
 And darst thou dream of marriage ?

Allw. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
 You know my aims are lawful ; and if ever
 The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
 The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
 Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer,
 There's such disparity in their conditions
 Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
 And the base churl her father.

Well. Grant this true,
 As I believe it ; canst thou ever hope
 To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
 Ruin'd thy state ?

Allw. And yours too.

Well. I confess it, *Allworth*.
 I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
 That, where impossibilities are apparent,
 'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
 Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
 That Sir Giles *Overreach* (that to make her great
 In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
 Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too)
 Will e'er consent to make her thine ? Give o'er,
 And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
 And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advised me.
 But, in the meantime, you that are so studious

Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.

Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.

Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:

You know my fortune, and my means; yet something I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Well. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry. There's eight pieces To put you in better fashion.

Well. Money from thee?

From a boy? a stipendary? one that lives

At the devotion of a step-mother,

And the uncertain favour of a lord?

I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind fortune

Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;

Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,

And thus accoutréed; know not where to eat,

Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;

Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer.

And as I, in my madness broke my state

Without th' assistance of another's brain,

In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,

Die thus, and be forgotten.

Allw. A strange humour!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE, A Chamber in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Order, Amble, Furnace.

Order. Set all things right, er, as my name is *Order*,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry,
Good master steward.

Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, fellow *Furnace*, 'tis not twelve o'clock
yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, good man

Amble,
My lady's go-before.

Order.

Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen ?
At all hours and at all places, I'll be angry ;
And, thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Furn. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be
angry.

Order. With whom ?

Furn. No matter whom : yet, now I think on't,
I'm angry with my lady.

Amble. Heaven forbid, man.

Order. What cause has she given thee ?

Furn. Cause enough, master steward :
I was entertain'd by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now since our master, noble Aliworth, died,
Tho' I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part par-boil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel ; my skill never thought on.

Order. But your art is seen in the dining room.

Furn. By whom ?

By such as pretend to love her ; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much, as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.

Order. Justice Greedy ?

Furn. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon
him ;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as infatiate as the grave.

Amble. One knocks. [Allworth knocks, and enters.]

Order. Our late young master.

Amble. Welcome, sir.

Furn. Your hand :

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Order. His father's picture in little,

Furn. We are all your servants.

Allw. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter the Lady Allworth.

Order. Her presence answers for us.

Lady. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain 'em
As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,
I am indispos'd

Order. I shall, madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt Order, Amble and Furnace.*

Nay, stay you, *Allworth*.

Allw. I shall gladly grow liere,
To wait on your commands.

Lady. So soon turn'd courtier!

Allw. Stile not that courtship, madam, which is duty,
Purchas'd on your part.

Lady. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

Allw. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me (pardon my presumption),
As his unworthy deputy, to kifs
Your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

Allw. Constantly, good madam:
But he will, in person, first present his service.

Lady. And how approve you of his course? you are
yet,

Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.

I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please
I will put on: but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady,

TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

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Lady. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend you spirit : you had a father,
(Bles'd be his memory) that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Did command you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge :
And therefore what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.

Allw. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me ;
And with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shew'r'd upon me.

Lady. I much hope it.
These were your father's words : If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd : But for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with licence practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for the country's safety
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted ;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies ;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat,
Are the essential parts make up a soldier ;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

Allw. There's no syllable
You speak, but it is to me an oracle ;
Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady. To conclude ;
Beware ill company ; for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse :
And from one man I warn you, and that's *Wellborn* :
Not, 'cause he's poor, that rather claims y'our pity ;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses fold himself.
'Tis true your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving ; but, if he had liv'd
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

Allw.

Allw. I shall obey in all things.

Lady. Follow me to my chamber; you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
As I hear from you.

Allw. I am still your creature.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.

*Enter Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace,
and Marrall.*

Greedy. Not to be seen?

Over. Still cloister'd up? her reason,
I hope, assures her, tho' she makes herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her will;
Which we that are her servants ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome:
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came not six days since from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary; which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Order. Yes, Mr. *Greedy*.

Amble. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I'll make it run and run. Save your good
worship!

Greedy. Honest Mr. Cook, thy hand; again! How
I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well season'd.

Greedy. Good.

Furn. A pheasant larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furn. Other kick-faws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest of *Sherwood*,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man?

Furn. A stag, sir; part of it is prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puff-paste.

Greedy.

Greedy. Puff-paste too, Sir *Giles*!
 A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
 And red deer too, Sir *Giles*, and bak'd in puff-paste!
 All busness set aside, let us give thanks here.

Over. You know, we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
 And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes: I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
 We may put off a commission; you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, Mr. *Greedy*,
 Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
 No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
 When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
 I could ev'n cry now. Do you hear, Mr. Cook?
 Send but a corner of that immortal pasty;
 And I, in thankfulness, will by your boy
 Send you a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Over. Remember me to your lady.—

Enter Wellborn.

Who have we here?

Well. Don't you know me?
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
 Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
 If ever thou presume to own me more,
 I'll have thee caged and whipp'd.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
 I do love thee, *Furnace*,
 E'en as I do malmsey in a morning.
 Think of pye-corner, *Furnace*!

[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*

Amble. Will you out, sir?
 I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is rudeness,
 And saucy impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay
 To be serv'd among your fellows from the basket,
 But you must press into the hall?

Furn.

Furn. Pr'ythee vanish
Into some out-house, though it be the pig-sty ;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Well. This is rare ;

Oh, here is *Tom Allworth ! Tom !*

Allw. We must be strangers ;

Nor would I have seen you here for a million. [Exit.

Well. Better and better. He contemns me too.

Furn. Will you know your way ?

Amble. Or shall we teach it you,

By the head and shoulders ?

Well. No ; I will not stir :

Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe ;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond your master's leavings ; you that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reverensions ; who advances ? who
Shews me the way !

Order. Here comes my lady.

Enter Lady.

Lady. What noise is this ?

Well. Madam, my designs bear me to you.

Lady. To me ?

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
As may become the true friend of your husband ;
And then I shall forget these.

Lady. I am amaz'd,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Tho' sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee ?

Well. Scorn me not, good lady ;
But, as in form you are angelical,

Imitate

Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
 At least awhile to hear me. You will grant,
 The blood that runs in this arm is as noble.
 As that which fills your veins; your swelling titles,
 Equipage and fortune; your men's observance,
 And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
 Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
 You have a fair fame, and I know deserve it;
 Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
 Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
 For your late noble husband.

Order. How she starts!

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
 Almost as low as I. Want, debts, and quarrels,
 Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
 A boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.
 'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
 That did on all occasions second his;
 I brought him on and off with honour, lady:
 And when in all men's judgments he was funk,
 And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up;
 I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
 And brought him to the shore.

Furn. Are not we base rogues
 That could forget this?

Well. I confess you made him
 Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
 Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:
 For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
 Made up of all parts, either great or noble,
 So winning a behaviour, not to be
 Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake then, in that I was his friend,
 Do not contemn me.

Lady. For what's past excuse me;
 I will redeem it. [Offers him her pocket-book.]

Well. Madam, on no terms:
 I will not beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
 But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
 Only one suit I make, which you deny not
 To strangers; and 'tis this: pray give me leave.

[Whispers to her.
Lady.

Lady. Fie, nothing else?

Well. Nothing; unless you please to charge your servants.

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. What you demand is yours.

Well. I thank you, lady [Exit *Lady.*]

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit,

Is yet in supposition.—[*Servants bow*]—Nay all's forgotten,

And for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Order. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry, Mr. Wellborn? [Exit *Servants.*]

Well. Well, faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,

Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,

And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem

Her husband's friend! When by this honest plot

The world believes she means to heal my wants

With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor

Will be struck mute, and I be left at large

To practice on my uncle *Overreach*;

Whose foul, rapacious spirit, (on the hearing

Of my encouragement from this rich lady),

Again will court me to his house of patronage.

Here I may work the measure to redeem

My mortgag'd fortune, which he stripp'd me of

When youth and dissipation quell'd my reason.

The fancy pleases—if the plot succeed,

'Tis a new way to pay old debts indeed.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Landscape.**Enter Overreach, and Marrall.*

Over. H E's gone, I warrant thee ; this commission
crush'd him.

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air ; and yet
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too ;
(With your good favour) to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice. He that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder
(Still with your licence) why, your worship having
The power to put this thin gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.

Over. Thou art a fool :
In being out of office I am out of danger ;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire ;
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't : 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion : so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not ;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise ; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
(With your good patience) to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Mr. *Frugal*? As 'tis said,
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange ;

And

And his land, laying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, *Marrall* ;
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor ;
Which done, I'll make my men brake ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expences ;
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three years,
Though he sue *forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard ; I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title ; want will force him
To put it to arbitrement ; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess the land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder.

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.

This varlet, *Wellborn*, lives too long to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him ?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.

I have us'd all means ; and the last night I caus'd
His host the tapster to turn him out of doqrs ;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And on the forfeit of your favour charg'd them,
Tho' a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from
starving,

Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

Over. That was something, *Marrall*, but thou must
go farther ;
And suddenly, *Marrall*.

Mar. Where and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out ; and, if thou
canst,

Persuade him, that 'tis better steal than beg;
 Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
 Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
 Do any thing to work him to despair,
 And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell;

The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
 The minion of the people's love. I hear
 He's come into the country; and my aims are
 To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
 And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you.

This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
 That humble title, and write honourable;
 Right honourable, *Marrall*; my right honourable daughter;

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
 I will have her well attended; there are ladies
 Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
 That for cast clothes, and meat, will gladly serve her.
 And 'tis my glory, tho' I come from the city,
 To have their issue, whom I have undone,
 To kneel to mine, as bond slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
 That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
 But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
 'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
 More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
 Between us and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See! who's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster, prodigy!

Well. Call me what you will, I am your nephew, sir.

Over. Avoid my sight, thy breath's infectious, rogue!
 I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, *Marrall*, this is the time to work him.

Mar. I warrant you, sir. [Exit Overreach.

Well. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar.

Mar. Mad ! had you took compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Well. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That wou'd not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Well. By what ?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion !

The devil's creed ; but what would you have done ?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compafs a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A with had serv'd my turn to hang myself.

I am zealous in your cause : pray you hang yourself ;
And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch.
Or, if you dare not do the fate yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut ? house to be broken ?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so dispatch the busines ?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess ; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again ?
Or drink ? or be the master of three farthings ?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself ; take some
course
For your reputation.

Well. Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair.
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha ! ha ! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me, or to give or lend
A token to you.

Well. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you ?

Well.

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?

Are they padders, or gypsies, that are your consorts?

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine, Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady; With me and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?

With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies? For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark there, with what respect I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice no doubt of dog-whips.

Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine own eyes.

Mar. Troth in my hope, or my assurance rather, To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket, If ever thou presume to pass her threshold, I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Allworth, Order, Amble, and Furnace.

Allw. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve

To part from such true friends, and yet I find comfort; My attendance on my honourable lord Will speedily bring me back

[*Knocking at the gate.* Marrall and Wellborn within.]

Mar. Dar'st thou venture farther?

Well. Yes, yes, and knock again.

Order. 'Tis he; disperse.

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Enter Marrall and Wellborn.

Order. Most welcome; You were long since expected.

Well.

Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

Order. For your sake, I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I would have believed, tho' I had found it in my
Primmer.

All-w. When I have given you reasons for my late
harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me: for, believe me,
Tho' now I part abruptly in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

All-w. All joy stay with you. [Exit Allworth.]

Enter Amble.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet
Presented one so welcome, as I know
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;
Or sure these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant!
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.

Enter Furnace.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your
pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

[Aside.]

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some growse and turky
chicken,

Some rails and quails; and my lady will'd me to ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cock: sauce for his
palate!

That

That on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-month,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sun-
days.

Well. That way I like them best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. [Exit Furnace.

Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine
under?

Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think:

Pray you make me not mad.

Enter Order.

Order. This place becomes you not:
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you!
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease straw.

Order. Sir, my lady. [Exit Order.

Enter Lady.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw
you.

This first kiss for form: I allow a second,
As token of my friendship.

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

Lady. Sir, your friends are welcome to me.

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot, is to poor me, a favour

I am unworthy of— [Offers to kiss her foot.

Lady. Nay, pray you rise;

And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:

You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

[Enter

Enter Order.

Order. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.

Lady. Your arm, Mr. Wellborn :
Nay keep us company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd. Mercy on me !

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady, Amble, and Marrall.*]

Enter Furnace.

Order. So, we have play'd our parts, and are come off well.

But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Mr. *Wellborn*
Desir'd it, may I perish.

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts.
By fire ! (for cooks are Persians and swear by it)
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I never met
A match to Sir *Giles Overreach.*

Order. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow *Furnace* ?

Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, is too common :
But this Sir *Giles* feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage ;
Rich in his habit ; vast in his expences ;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.

Order. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks thro' all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter Amble.

Amble. Ha ! ha ! I shall burst.

Order.

Order. Contain thyself, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amble. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table, this term-driver, *Marrall*,
This snip of an attorney.

Furn. What of him, man?

Amble. The knave feeds so slovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amble. My lady

Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please Mr. *Wellborn*.

As I live, he rises and takes up a dish,
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth.

Furn. Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.

Amble. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and after a leg or two
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Order. Rose already!

Amble. I shall be chid.

Enter Lady, Wellborn, and Marrall.

Furn. My lady frowns.

Lady. You attended us well!

Let me have no more of this, I observ'd your leering.
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing

Follows your flux of laughter.

Lady. You are master

Of your own will. I know so much of manners
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
And it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no farther,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,

However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Mr. Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship.

[*Exit Wellborn, Marrall, and Amble.*

Lady. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistres : be merry ? I have forgot all.
Order and *Furnace*, come with me ; I must give you Farther directions.

Order. What you please.

Furn. We are ready.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, The Country.

Enter Wellborn and Marrall.

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good, sir ! the best way ;
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above 'em,
As you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.

Well. Pr'vthce do not flout me.
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off ?

Mar. Ease, and it like your worship !
I hope *Jack Marrall* shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Tho' it hail hazel nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.

Well. Is not this a true rogue, [Aside.]
That out of mere hope of a future coz'nage
Can turn thus suddenly ; 'tis rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wife, and needs no counsel :

Yet if in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No ; speak freely.

Mar.

Mar. Then in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment, (still with your worship's favour) I could wish you A better habit, for this cannot be But much distasteful to the noble lady That loves you : I have twenty pounds here, Which, out of my true love, I presently Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse ?

Mar. My gelding

Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me, Before your worship shall be put to the trouble To walk a-foot. Alas ! when you are lord Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be) You may with the lease of glebe-land, call'd Knave's-Acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love ; but must make no use of it. What's twenty pounds ?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Dost thou think, tho' I want clothes, I could not have 'em For one word to my lady ?

Mar. As I know not that ———

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee. I'll not give her the advantage, tho' she be A gallant-minded lady, after we are married To hit me in the teeth, and say she was forc'd To buy my wedding clothes, No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself. And so farewell ; for thy suit touching Knave's-Acre, When it is mine, 'tis thine.

Mar. I thank your worship. [Exit Wellborn. How was I cozen'd in the calculation Of this man's fortune ? my master cozen'd too, Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men ; For that is our profession. Well, well, Mr. Wellborn, You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated : Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd Of the land and lady, you *sans question* shall be. I'll presently think of the means. [Walks by, *musing*.

Enter Overreach.

Over. Sirrah, order my carriage round ;
 I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile ;
 And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha ! Marrall ! is he conjuring ? Perhaps
 The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
 Some outrage on himself, and now he feels.
 Compunction in his conscience for't : no matter,
 So it be done. *Marrall !*

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
 In our plot on *Wellborn* ?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself ?

Mar. No, sir, he lives,
 Lives once more to be made a prey to you :
 And greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits ?
 If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Over. With him ! What lady ?

Mar. The rich Lady *Allworth*.

Over. Thou dolt ; how dar'st thou speak this ?

Mar. I speak truth ;
 And I do so but once a year ; unless
 It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship :
 I thank his worship.

Over. His worship !

Mar. As I live, sir,
 I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
 Simple as I stand here ; and saw when she kiss'd him ;
 And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too.

Over. Why, thou rascal,
 To tell me these impossibilities :
 Dine at her table ! and kiss him ! or thee !
 Impudent varlet. Have not I myself,
 To whom great countesses' doors have oft flown open,
 Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
 In vain to see her, tho' I came — a suitor ?
 And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue *Wellborn*,
 Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.

But

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
 This most incredible lye would call up one
 On thy butter-milk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir ?
 Or taste ! I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, firrah :
 Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
 With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
 Of serving men, and chambermaids ; for, beyond these,
 Thou never saw'it a woman ; or I'll quit you
 From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this, yet ?
 On my confidence of their marriage, I offered *Wellborn*
 (I would give a crown now, I durst say his worship)

[Aside.]

My nag, and twenty pounds.

Over. Did you so ? [Strikes him down.]
 Was this the way to work him to despair,
 Or rather to cross me ?

Mar. Will your worship kill me ?

Over. No, no ; but drive the lying spirit out of you,

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then. Now, forgetting
 Your late imaginary feast and lady,
 Know my Lord *Lovell* dines with me to-morrow :
 Be careful not be wanting to receive him ;
 And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
 Tho' they paint her, so she catch the lord ; I'll thank 'em.
 There's a piece, for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer :
 ut there may be a time —————

[Aside.]

Over. Do you grumble ?

Mar. No, sir.

[Exeunt]

ACT III.

SCENE continued.

Enter Lovell and Allworth.

Lov. DIVE the carriage down the hill : something
in private
I must impart to Allworth.

Allw. O, my lord !
What danger, tho' in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, tho' I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer :
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lov. Loving youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'er-prize it : since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,
Above my merit. You have been
More like a father to me than a master.
Pray you pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it ;
And give you assurance I am pleas'd in't.
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passion.

Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh !

Lov. Why do you sigh ? can you be doubtful of me ?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,
And all my actions hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth.

Allw.

Allw. As you are the brave Lord *Lovell*,
 Your bare word only given, is an assurance
 Of more validity and weight to me,
 Than all the oaths bound up with imprecations,
 Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise :
 Yet being a man (for sure to stile you more
 Would relish of gross flattery) I am fore'd,
 Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
 To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous !

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
 The victory were certain : but to stand
 The charge of two such potent enemies,
 At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
 And those two seconded with power, is odds
 Too great for *Hercules*.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
 Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
 That I may understand 'em.

Allw. What's your will,
 Though I lend arms against myself (provided
 They may advantage you), must be obey'd.
 My much-lov'd lord, were *Margaret* only fair,
 You might command your passion ;
 But when you feel her touch, or hear her talk !
Hippolytus himself would leave *Diana*,
 To follow such a *Venus*.

Lov. Love hath made you
 Poetical, *Allworth*.

Allw. Grant all these beat off
 (Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it) ;
 Mammon, in *Sir Giles Overreach*, steps in
 With heaps of ill-got gold and so much land,
 To make her more remarkable, as would tire
 A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
 I here release your trust,
 'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you ;
 And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look on her.

Lov. Why shall I swear ?

Allw. Oh, by no means, my lord !

Lov. Suspend

Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
 To *Overreach*'s house ?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding ;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. O! that I durst but hope it !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A Hall in Sir Giles's House.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. Spare for no cost, let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Mr. *Greedy*.

Greedy. It does indeed, Sir *Giles* ;
I do not like to see a table ill-spread,
Poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with ballads,
Slic'd beef, giblets, and pig's pettitoes.
But the substantials—Oh ! Sir *Giles*, the substantials !
The slate of a fat turkey now,
The decorum, the grandeur he marches in with.
O, I declare, I do much honor a chine of beef !
O, Lord ! I do reverence a loin of veal !

Over. And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of ; let my choice linen
Perfume the room ; and when we wash, the water
With precious powders mix, to please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avaunt, you drudge.
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't time to think of thrift ? Call in my daughter.

[*Exit Marrall.*]
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——

Greedy. As I do indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em——

Over.

Over. I do confer that province, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
'To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best direction.—[Overreach *retires.*]—Now
am I,

In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked ;
I would not change my empire for the great Mogul's.
I will eat often and give thanks,
When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and that's pure
justice. [Exit.]

Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl prove
modest,
She may spoil all ; she had it not from me,
But from her mother : I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter Margaret and Marrall.

Alone, and let your women wait without, *Margaret.*
[Exit Marrall.]

Marg. Your pleasure, sir ?

Over. Ha, this is a neat dressing !
These orient pearls, and diamonds well plac'd too !
The gown affects me not ; it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold ;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman, the Lady *Downfall'n* ?

Marg. Well for a companion :

Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, *Meg* ?

And careful too, her ladyship forgotten ?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pety her, trample on her.
I took her up in an old tatter'd gown
(E'en starv'd for want of food) to serve thee ;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,
Into the counter ; and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways ; but for me, I blush
When I command her that was once attended.

With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Over. In birth ! Why art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth ?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not ?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee ;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adept a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care ; do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir ; mould me which way you
please.

Enter Greedy.

Over. How, interrupted ?

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it :
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly
To stuff it out ; cook it any way, pr'ythee, leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling ?

Over. Let it be dumpl'd
Which way thou wilt ; or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own cauldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach,
Had I lost my mistress's dumpling ; I'll give ye thanks
for't. [Exit.]

Over. But to our busines, *Meg* ; you have heard who
dines here ?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man.

A lord, *Meg*, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers ; and what's rare, is one himself ;
A bold and understanding one ; and to be
A lord, and a good leader in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up,
The kingdom's glory.

Enter.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantick ?

Greedy. Frantick ! 'twould make me frantick, and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace, and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for,
There are a dozen of woodcocks,
For which he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toast and butter.

Over. Cook, rogue, obey him.

I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.

[*Exit Greedy.*]

Over. And, as I said, *Meg*, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine to hope it.

Over. I more than hope it, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself ; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me :
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with ; and therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin ?

Over. Virgin me no virgins.
I will have you lose that name, or you lose me ;
I will have you private, start not, I say private ;
If you are my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thon wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like *Jupiter* to *Semele*, and come off too :
And therefore, when he kill's you, kiss close.

Marg.

Marg. I have heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn any thing,
And from any creature, to make thee great ;
From the devil himself.
Stand not on for form :
Words are no substances.

Marg. Tho' you can dispense
With your honour, I must guard my own.
This is not the way to make me his wife.
My maiden honour yielded up so soon,
Nay prostituted, cannot but assure him,
I that am light to him will not hold weight
When tempted by others : so in judgment,
When to his will I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.

Over. How ! forsake thee ?
Do I wear a sword for fashion ? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd ? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er give inch of ground,
Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me ?
Forsake thee when the thing is done ! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,
Tho' all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour ;
I have said it.

[Enter Marrall.]

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Over. In, without reply,
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
Is the loud musick, I gave order for,
Ready to receive him ?

[Exit Marg.]

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Over. Let 'em sound
A princely welcome.—[Exit Marrall]—Roughness awhile
Leave me ;

For

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

[*Loud musick.*

Enter Lovell, Allworth, and Marrall.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleas'd to stile so, is an honour
Above my wòrth and fortunes.

Allw. Strange! so humble.

Enter Greedy.

Over. A justice of peace, my lord.

[*Presents Greedy to him.*

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord; and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [Aside.

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I mis, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord.

Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir. [Exit omnes, præter Over.

Over. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her!
Why Meg! Meg Overreach!

Enter Margaret.

How! tears in your eyes?
Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.
Is this a time to whimper? Meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis
For me to say, my honourable daughter:
No more, but be instructed, or expect——
He comes.

Enter Lovell, Greedy, Marrall, and Allworth.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

Lov. As I live, a rare one!

Allw. He's took already: I am lost.

Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.

[*Exit Allworth, Marrall, and Greedy.*
A little bashful, my good lord; but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov.

Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but—

Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember—

[*To his daughter. Exit Overreach.*]
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin,
Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty—

Marg. Which, forc'd too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours:
And choicest fruits, too soon pluck'd, rot and wither,

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure, I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble;
I of low descent, however rich.
O my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you trust my ear then.

Enter Overreach listening.

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Enter Greedy.

Greedy. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon,
The bak'd meats are ran out, the roast turn'd powder.

Over. Step your infatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

Over. Disturb my lord when he is in discourse?

Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?

Over.

Over. Peace, villain! peace! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? Vanish I say. [Thrusts Greedy off.]

Lov. Lady, I understand you:
And rest most happy in your choice. Believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am bound to that.

Lov. Now break off our conference.—Sir Giles,
Where is Sir Giles?

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Allworth, and Marrall.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming,
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too.

Lov. Yet, should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

Over. With all my soul.—A cowardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Mr. Allworth; know, my house
Is ever open to you.

Allw. I was still shut till now.

[Aside.]

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter,
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Marg. I shall, with my best care. [Noise of a coach.]

Over. What noise?

Greedy. More stops

Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady and Wellborn.

Lady. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Lov.

Lov. How ! the Lady *All-worth* ?

Over. And thus attended !

Mar. No, I am a dolt ;

The spirit of lyes had enter'd me.

[*Lovell salutes the Lady, who salutes Margaret.*

Over. Peace, patch,

'Tis more than wonder, an astonishment

That does posseſſ me wholly.

Lov. Noble lady,

This is a favour to prevent my visit,

The service of my life can never equal.

Lady. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn :
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequal'd beauty, for your stay ;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

Lady. Good Sir *Giles Overreach.*

[*Salutes him.*

How doſt thou, *Marrall* ? Lik'd you my meat ſo ill,
You'll dine no more with me ?

Greedy. I will when you pleafe,
And it like your ladyship.

Lady. When you pleafe, Mr. *Greedy* ;
If meat can do it, you ſhall be ſatisfied :
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman ; howe'er his outside's coarse,

[*Presents Wellborn.*

His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's. Wonder not I ſpeak at large :
And howſoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accouter'd ; or what taint ſoe'er
For his wild life have ſtruck upon his fame ;
He may ere long with boldneſſ rank himſelf
With ſome that have condemn'd him. Sir *Giles Over-*
reach,

If I am welcome, bid him ſo.

Over. My nephew !

He hath been too long a stranger : 'faith you have.

Pray let it be mended. [Lovell *conferring with Wellborn.*

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean ?

This is rogue *Wellborn*, monster, prodigy,

That should hang, or drown himself, no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Tho' I be beaten dead for it.

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear and help 'em. [Bell rings.

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.

Lady. Nay, you are my guest ; come, dear Mr. *Wellborn.* [Exeunt. *Manet Greedy.*

Greedy. Dear Mr. *Wellborn* ! so she said ; heav'n !
heav'n !

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this : I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To *Nottingham* jail ! And now, dear Mr. *Wellborn* !
And my good nephew ! — But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Enter *Marrall.*

Are they set, *Marrall* ?

Mar. Long since ; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must : my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does intreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being too full, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How ! no dinner

After all my care ?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal ; besides you have broke your fast.

Greedy.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemallion!

Mar. No big words, sir;
Should his worship hear you—

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too?
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,
And sit with the waiting-woman, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Overreach, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O woman! she neglect my lord,
And all her compliments apply to *Wellborn*!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him; in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And, if in our discourse he be but nam'd,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I'll excuse it; pr'ythee, *Marrall*,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? the rogue,
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady and Wellborn.

Mar. See, sir, she comes, and cannot be without him.

Lady. With your favour, sir,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two
In your rare garden.

Over.

Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.

Lady. Come, Mr Wellborn. [Exit *Lady* and Wellborn.

Over. Groser and groser! My good lord,
Excuse my manners.

Enter Lovell, Margaret, and Allworth.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me
happy.

Marg. My lady is return'd.

Enter Wellborn and Lady.

Lady. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away: my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

Lady. I must do you a farther wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam: farewell, good Sir Giles.

Lady. Nay, come, Mr. Wellborn.
I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once.
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss. You shall every day hear from
me,
By my faithful page. [To Margaret.

Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt Lovell, Lady, Allworth, and Marrall.*

Over. Daughter, to your chamber. [Exit Margaret.
You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I shall desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir,
'Tis strange to me,

Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
 Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
 To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
 Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom ;
 As I must yield, with you I practis'd it :
 But now I see you in a way to rise,
 I can and will assist you. This rich lady
 (And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you.

Well. No such thing:
 Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word,
 Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
 No more in this base shape ; nor shall she say,
 She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.

[*Aside.*]

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
 In pawn ; I will redeem 'em : and, that no clamour
 May taint your credit for your debts,
 You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
 And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments ; you are staid for : ere you've
 Supp'd,
 You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my
 Nephew :
 To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes ! how much they do belie you
 That say you are hard hearted !

Over. My deeds, nephew,
 Shall speak my love ; what men report, I weigh not.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE, A Chamber in Lady Allworth's House.

Lovell and Allworth discovered.

Lov. 'TIS well. Give me my hat : I now discharge
you

From farther service. Mind your own affairs ;
I hope they will prove successful.

Allw. What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd ; for I want language
To speak my debt : yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could —

Lov. Nay, do not melt :

This ceremonial of thanks to me's superfluous.

Over. within. Is my lord stirring ?

Lov. 'Tis he ! Oh, here's your letter ! let him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. A good day to my lord.

Lov. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lov. And you too, Mr. Greedy, up so soon ?

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep ; for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be

From your manor-house to this of my Lady Allworth's ?

Over. Why, some four miles.

Greedy. How ! four miles, good Sir Giles ?

Upon your reputation think better ;

For

For four miles riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride

Or go a-foot, you are that way still provided,
And it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah ! prating
Before my lord ? no difference ? go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too.

[*Exit Marrall.*

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistrefs, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet Mr. *Allworth*, take my ring ; 'twill carry
To her presence, I dare warrant you ; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to *Nottingham* ; get a licence,
Still by this token. I'll haye it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord : that I may say,
My honourable, nay right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman ; get your
breakfast.

Tis unwholsome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you ;
And that abundantly.

Over. Some fury's in that gut :
Hungry again ? Did you not devour this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of *Calchester* oysters ?

Greedy. Why that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of preparative. Come, gentlemen,
I will not have you feed alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer. [*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*

Over. To my wish, we're private,
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion ; that were poor and trivial :
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you ; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe

I live

I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat ?
It is well wooded and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress ?
What thinks my noble lord ?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built ; and she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress ?

It may be so for a time ; but let my lord
Say only, that he but like it, and would have it,
I say ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady *All-work*'s lands ; for those once *Wellborn*'s
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be)
Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted :
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The publick voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard ;
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now :
Nor can my actions, tho' condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For tho' I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound ; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot,
That may take from your innocence and candor.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable ; which my lord can make her ;

And

And might I live to dance upon my knee
 A young Lord *Lovell*, born by her unto you,
 I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
 As for possessions, and annual rents,
 Equivalent to maintain you in the port
 Your noble birth and present state require,
 I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
 And take it on mine own ; for, tho' I ruin
 The country to supply your riotous waste,
 The scourge of prodigals, want shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not moved with the imprecations
 And curses of whole families, made wretched
 By these practices ?

Over. Yes as rocks are
 When foamy billows split themselves against
 Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is mov'd,
 When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightnes.
 I am of a solid temper, and like these
 Steer on a constant course : with mine own fword,
 If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
 Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
 Now for those other piddling complaints,
 Breath'd out in bitternes ; as when they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
 On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
 Of what was common to my private use ;
 Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows cries,
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm,
 Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
 The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
 My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble ;
 Nay more, if you will have my character
 In little, I enjoy more true delight
 In my arrival to my wealth these dark
 And crook'd ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
 In spending what my industry hath compafs'd,
 My haste commands me hence : in one word therefore,
 Is it a match, my lord ?

Lov.

Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure ; not the hate of all mankind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement

One story higher. An earl ! If gold can do it.

Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,

Tho' I am borne thus headlong by my will ;

You may make choice of what belief you please,

To me they are equal ; so, my lord, good morrow.

[Exit.]

Lov. He's gone ; I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent ! I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this horrid beast, I'm bath'd all over
In a cold sweat ; yet like a mountain he
Is no more shaken, than *Olympus* is
When angry *Boreas* loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Save you, my lord.

Disturb I not your privacy ?

Lov. No, good madam ;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold, bad man, Sir *Giles Overreach*,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish mattins
That I should think it a sin, next to his,
But to repeat it.

Lady. I ne'er pres' d, my lord,
On other's privacies ; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to our lodgings, I was made
(So loud and vehement he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers. But,
My good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend —

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady. I dare then say thus :
(However common men

Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims), 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame and honor.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer you from it?

Lady. This, my lord: I allow
The heir of Sir *Giles Overreach*, *Margaret*,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot
With all that she brings with her fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband *Allworth's* lands, and *Wellborn's*
(How wrung from both needs no repetition)
Were real motives, that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do, sweet madam;
And long since have consider'd it.
And this my resolution, mark me, madam;
Were *Overreach's* states thrice centupled; his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying *Margaret*. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

Lady. I am glad to hear this. [Aside.]
Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to her?
Disimulation but ties false knots
On that straight-line, by which you hitherto
Have measur'd all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That since your husband's death have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on *Wellborn*,
Incur not censure?

Lady. I am innocent here, and on my life I swear
My ends are good.

Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To *Margaret*; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve

But

But as an offer'd means unto ourselvess
 To search each other farther ; you have shewn
 Your care of me, I my respect to you.
 Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
 An afternoon's discourse.

Lady. Affected modesty might deny your suit,
 But such your honour ; I accept it, lord.
 My tongue unworthy can't belie my heart.
 I shall attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Landscape.

Enter Tapwell and Froth.

Tap. Undone, undone ! this was your counsel, *Froth.*
Froth. Mine ! I defy thee : did not Master *Marrall*
 (He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us
 (On pain of Sir *Giles Overreach*'s displeasure)
 To turn the gentleman out of doors ?

Tap. 'Tis true ;
 But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
 Master Justice *Greedy* (since he fill'd his belly)
 At his commandment to do any thing ;
 Woe, woe to us !

Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands :
 Tho' he knew all the passages of our house,
 As the receiving of stolen goods ;
 When he was rogue *Wellborn*, no man would believe him,
 And then his information could not hurt us :
 But now he is right worshipful again,
 Who dares but doubt his testimony ? Methinks
 I see thee *Froth*, already in a cart,
 And my hand hissing (if I 'scape the halter)
 With the letter R printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst !
 That were but nine days wonder : as for credit,
 We have none to lose ; but we shall lose the money
 He owes us, and his custom ; there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
 And they swarm about him like so many soldiers.

On the pay-day ; and has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. He deserves it

More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's ?

[*A cry within, brave Mr. Wellborn.*

Tap. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

*Enter Wellborn in a rich habit, Greedy, Marrall, Amble,
Order, Furnace, and three Creditors; Tapwell, kneeling,
delivers his bill of debt.*

Well. How's this ! petition'd too ?
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of cloaths,
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,
I think, Prince *Wellborn*.

Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be — I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance

[*In this interim, Tapwell and Froth flattering and
bribing Justice Greedy.*]

(Provided you'll defend me from Sir *Giles*,
Whose service I am weary of) I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear him not.

Greedy. Who, *Tapwell*? I remember thy wife brought
me,

Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now;

Greedy.

Greedy. How ! with Mr. *Wellborn*?
 I can do any thing with him, on such terms——
 See you this honest couple ? they are good souls
 As ever drew out spigot ; have they not
 A pair of honest faces ?

Well. I o'erheard you,
 And the bribe he promis'd ; you are cozen'd in 'em ;
 For of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
 This for a most unthankful knave, and this
 For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd ;
 And therefore speak not for them. By your place,
 You are rather to do me justice ; lend me your ear,
 Forget his turkies, and call in his licence,
 And at the next fair I'll give you a yoke of oxen
 Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
 In my opinion——Mum ! my passion is great !
 I fry like a burnt marrowbone—Come nearer, rascal.
 And now I view him better, did you e'er see
 One look so like an arch-knave ? his very countenance,
 Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
 Would hang him, tho' he were innocent.

Tap. and Froth. Worshipful sir.
Greedy. No ; tho' the great *Turk* came instead of
 turkies,
 To beg my favour, I am inexorable :
 Thou hast an ill-name ; for except thy musty ale,
 That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,
 Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
 A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
 Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
 For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
 For which gross fault, I here do damn thy licence,
 Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw ;
 For instantly, I will in mine own person
 Command the constable to pull down thy sign ;
 And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy ?

Greedy. Vanish.

If I shew any, may my promis'd oxen gore me.

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth.*

Well. Speak ; what are you ?

1 Cred. A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke
me

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodg'd upon the bankside.

Well. I remember.

1 Cred. I ha'ye not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest
you ;

And therefore, sir——

Well. Thou art an honest fellow :
I'll set thee tip again ; see this bill paid.

What are you ?

2 Cred. A taylor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a fuit of clothes,
Which was all my stock ; but you failing in payment,
I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid ; and botch no more.

2 Cred. I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such taylors need not ;

If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They are seldom losers—O, I know thy face,
Thou wert my surgeon : you must tell no tales.
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.
See all men else discharg'd ;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me ;
There is something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts,
And this for your respect ; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I am able to spare it.

Order. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you, cn before.

I'll attend you at dinner.

Greedy. For heaven's sake don't stay long ;
It is almost ready.

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me.

[Exeunt Order, Furnace, Amble, and Creditors.

Well. Now, Mr. Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promis'd to impart ?

Mar.

Mar. Sir, time nor place,
 Allow me to relate each circumstance ;
 This only in a word : I know Sir *Giles*
 Will come upon you for security
 For his thousand pounds ; which you must not consent to.
 As he grows in heat (as I am sure he will),
 Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
 Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land :
 I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame),
 When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve then — urge him to produce
 The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
 Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
 To the Lord *Lovell*, with many other writings,
 And present monies. I'll instruct you farther,
 As I wait on your worship ; if I play not my part
 To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
 Hang up *Jack Marrall*.

Well. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Chamber in Sir Giles's House.*

Enter *Allworth* and *Margaret*.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
 Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
 I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord *Lovell* ;
 For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
 I make but payment of a debt, to which
 My vows, in that high office register'd,
 Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest ;
 Yet when I call to mind, how many fair-ones
 Make willful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths
 To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness ;
 And you, with matchless virtue, thus to hold out,
 Against the stern authority of a father,
 And spurn at honour when it comes to court you ;
 I am so tender of your good, that I can hardly
 Wish myself that right you are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?
 Or wealth, when the heart pines
 In being dispossest of what it longs for?
 Or the smooth brow
 Of a pleas'd fire, that slaves me to his will?
 And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
 By my obedience, and he see me great,
 Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
 To make her own election.

Allw. But the dangers
 That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing:
 Let *Allworth* love, I cannot be unhappy.
 Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me;
 A tear or two by you dropt on my hearse,
 In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
 So far as but to fay, that I die yours,
 I then shall rest in peace.

Allw. Heaven avert
 Such trials of your true affection to me!
 Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
 Shew so much rigour. But since we must run
 Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
 To steer between 'em.

Marg. Lord *Lovell* is your friend;
 And tho' but a young actor, second me,
 In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter Overreach.

The end may yet prove happy: now, my *Allworth*.

Allw. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title.
 And, when with terms not taking from his honour
 He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him:
 But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
 T'appoint a meeting and without my knowledge;
 A priest to tye the knot can ne'er be undone
 Till death unloose it, is a confidence
 In his lordship that will deceive him.

Allw. I hope better, Good lady.

Marg.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please : for me,
I must take a safe and secure course ; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
'Tho' all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience.
But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd.—[*Aside.*]—Sweet Mr. *Allworth*,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant.
To your good lord, he has a jewel of you.
How ! frowning, *Meg* ! are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord ? What's this ? give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions.

[*Overreach reads the Letter.*]

*Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd prove toys ;
Therefore this instant, and in private meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tend'ring them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.*

Over. Is this the arrogant piece of paper ? fool !
Will you still be one ? In the name of mad'ns. what
Could his good honour write more to content you ?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two
That are already offer'd ? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after : What would you more ?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,
Not hurried away i'th' night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony ; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour
(For so before to-morrow I must stile you),
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming ;
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to *London*.

Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishnes,
Must put it off, forsooth.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not croſs him.
I know not, Mr. *Allworth*, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill ſerve this night's expence; to-morrow
I'll fuſh him with any ſums. In the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
At my manor of *Gotham*, and call'd Parſon *Welldo*:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, fir, what warrant is your ring?
He may ſuppoſe I got that twenty ways
Without your knowledge; and then to be refus'd,
Were ſuch a stain upon me—if you pleafe, fir,
Your preſence would do better.

Over. Still perverse?
I ſay again, I will not croſs my lord,
Yet I'll preſerve you too—Paper and ink there.

Allw. I can furniſh you.

Over. I thank you, I can write then.

[*Writes on his book.*

Allw. You may, if you please, leave out the name of
my lord,
In reſpect he comes diſguis'd, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well adviſ'd. [Margaret kneels.]
'Tis done: away—my bleſſing, girl, thou haſt it.
Nay, no reply—be gone good Mr. *Allworth*;
This ſhall be the beſt night's work you ever made.

Allw. I hope ſo, fir. [Exit *Allworth and Margaret*.]

Over. Farewel. Now all's cock-fure.

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir *Giles Overreach*, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please

To

To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquet ?
 (This is state in ladies) or my eldest son
 To be her page, and wait upon her trencher ?—
 My ends, my ends are compas'd !—then for *Wellborn*
 And the lands ; were he once married to the widow—
 I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
 I am so full of joy ; nay, joy all over ! [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE, A Chamber in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lovell and Lady.

Lady. BY this you know how strong the motives were
Bo. That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
 A little with my gravity, to advance
 The plots and projects of the down-trod *Wellborn*.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
 For the poor gentleman, hath found good success ;
 For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
 And he once more furnish'd for fair employment :
 But all the arts that I have us'd to raise
 The fortunes of your joy and mine, young *Allworth*,
 Stand yet in supposition, tho' I hope well.
 For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
 Than their years can promise ; and for their desires,
 On my knowledge they equal.

Lady: Tho' my wishes
 Are with yours, my lord, yet give me leave to fear
 The building, 'tho well grounded. To deceive
 Sir *Giles* (that's both a lion and a fox
 In his proceedings), were a work beyond
 The strongest undertakers ; not the trial
 Of two weak innocents.

Lov.

Lov. Despair not, madam :
 Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
 The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms,
 The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
 Is by simplicity oft overreach'd.

Lady. May be so.

The young ones have my warmest wishes.

Lov. O, gentle lady, let 'em prove kind to me
 You've kindly heard — now grant my suit.
 What say you, lady ?

Lady. Troth, my lord,
 My own unworthiness may answer for me ;
 For had you, when I was in my prime,
 Presented me with this great favour,
 I could not but have thought it as a blessing
 Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest,
 And undervalue that which is above
 My title, or whatever I call mine. In a word,
 Our years, our states, our births, are not unequal.
 If then you may be won to make me happy,
 But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
 A solemn contract.

Lady. I were blind to my own good,
 Should I refuse it ; yet, my lord, receive me
 As such a one, the study of whose whole life
 Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
 Equal respect to you, may I die wretched !

Lady. There needs no protestation, my lord,
 To her that cannot doubt — You are welcome, sir.

Enter Wellborn.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
 Such in my free acknowledgement, that I am
 Your creature, madam, and will never hold
 My life mine own, when you please to demand it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you ;
 You could not make choice of a better shape
 To dress your mind in.

Lady.

Lady. For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late.
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, *Marrall*: he's grown into strange pas-
sions

About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house; but, missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wife-head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. I hope my project took.

*Enter Overreach with distracted looks, driving in Mar-
rall before him.*

Lady. I strongly hope.

Over. Ha! find her, booby; thou huge lump of
nothing,

I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, tho' not of hearing,
You may perhaps have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me.

[*Steps aside.*]

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause

Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating;
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry 'quittance;
Tho' now I suffer, and dare not resist.

[*Aside.*]

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daugh-
ter, lady?

And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make court'sies
When

When she nods on you ; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it ;
But in the meantime,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Well. Well !

Over. No more !

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent ?

Well. Insolent to you ? [In scorn.]
Why, what are you, sir, more than myself ?

Over. His fortune swells him :
'Tis rank, he's married.

Lady. This is excellent !

Over. Sir, in calm language (tho' I seldom use it)
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buzz
Of a stol'n marriage ; Do you hear ? of a stol'n mar-
riage ;

In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been cozen'd.
I name no parties. [Lady turns away.]

Well. Well, sir, and what follows ?

Over. Marry this, since you are peremptory, re-
member,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds ; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dagg'd in your lavender robe, to the jail ; you know
me,

And therefore do not triflē.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise ; Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else ?

Over.

Over. End me no ends ; engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it : you shall have
Three or four thousand more to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after :

Mean you not so ?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security ?

Well. No, indeed, you shall not :
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgement :
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall —
Out-brav'd ?

[They both draw.]

Enter Amble, Order and Furnace.

Lady. Help, murder ! murder !

Well. Let him come on.
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him ;
The right I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field !

Lady. You may ; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, sir ;
For fighting fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement ; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds ;
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt ! oh impudence ! Did I not
purchase
The land left by thy father ? that rich land,

That

That had continued in *Wellborn's* name
Twenty descents ; which, like a riotous fool,

Enter Servant with a Box.

Thou didst make sale of ? Is not here inclos'd
The deed that does confirm it mine ?

Mar. Now, now.

Well. I do acknowledge none ; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Such land ; I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust ; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me, of chargeable suits in law ;
Which if you prove not honest (as I doubt it),
Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Over. Good, good ! conspire
With your new husband, lady ; second him
In his dishonest practices ; but, when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

Lady. Never : do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet to shut up thy mouth, and make thee
give
Thyself the lye, the loud lye : I draw out
The precious evidence ; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

[Opens the box.]

Thy ears to the pillory ; see, here's that will make,
My interest clear — Ha !

Lady. A fair skin of parchment !

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too ;
But neither wax, nor words. How ! thunder-struck !
Not a syllable to insult with ? my wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence ? is this that makes
Your interest clear ?

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder !
What prodigy is this ? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the ~~in~~scription ? the wax
Turn'd into dust, the rest of my deeds whole

As when they were deliver'd ; and this only
 Made nothing ! do you deal with witches, rascal ?
 There's a statute for you, which will bring
 Your neck in a hempen circle ; yes, there is.
 And now 'tis better thought ; for, cheater, know
 This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
 Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. *Marrall.*

Mar. Sir.

Over. Tho' the witnesses are dead, [flattering him.]
 Your testimony

Help with an oath or two ; and for thy master,
 Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
 I know you will swear any thing to dash
 This cunning flight : besides, I know thou art
 A public Notary, and such stands in law
 For a dozen witnesses ; the deed being drawn too
 By thee, my careful *Marrall*, and deliver'd
 When thou wert present, will make good my title ;
 Wilt thou not swear this !

Mar. I ! no I assure you.
 I have a conscience, not fear'd up like yours ;
 I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me ?

Mar. Keep him
 From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
 To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet
 Rebel against me ?

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
 The ideot ; the patch ; the slave ; the booby ;
 The property fit only to be beaten
 For your morning exercise ; your football, or
 Th' unprofitable lump of flesh your drudge
 Can now anatomicize you, and lay open
 All your black plots, level with the earth
 Your hill of pride, and shake,
 Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Lady. How he foams at the mouth with rage !

Over.

Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear
thee
Joint after joint !

Mar. I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off ; and then
Come nearer to you ; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices you us'd to cozen with.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die ;
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

I play the fool and make my anger but ridiculous.
There will be a time, and place, there will be cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so :
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.—After these storms,
At length a calm appears.

Enter Greedy and Parson Welldo.

Welcome, most welcome :-
There's comfort in thy looks ; is the deed done ?
Is my daughter married ? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Welldo. Married ? yes, I assure you.
Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts ! there's more
gold for thee.

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my right honourable, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting at least for a month !
I am provided : empty guts, croak no more !
You shall be stuff'd, like bag-pipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Over. Instantly be here ? [Whispering to Welldo.
To my wish, to my wish, Now you that plot against me,
And

And hoped to trip my heels up ; that contemn'd me ;
 Think on't, and tremble. — [Loud music.] — They come,
 I hear the music.

A lane there for my lord.

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing,
 with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made:
 Not to dwell too long on words, [Kneeling.
 This is my husband.

Over. How !

Allw. So I assure you ; all the rites of marriage
 With every circumstance are past.
 And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say
 Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil ? are they married ?

Welldo. Do a father's part, and say, heaven give 'em
 joy !

Over. Confusion and ruin ! speak, and speak quickly.

Or thou art dead.

Welldo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better

Have made a contract with the king of fiends
 Than these. — My brain turns !

Welldo. Why this rage to me ?

Is not this your letter, sir ? and these the words ?

Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot ;

Ner will I ever believe it : 'sdeath ! I will not.

That I, that in all passages I touch'd.

At wordly profit have not left a print.

Where I have trod, for the most curious search
 To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children !

Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours

Defeated, and made void.

Well. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Over.

Over. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses ; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which wretched I gave to thee.

[*Offers to kill Margaret.*

Lov. Hold, for your own sake !

Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, tho' in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter ?

Over. Lord ! thus I spit at thee,

And at thy counsel ; and again desire thee,
As thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private..

Lov. I am ready.

Wll. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale ?

Borrow his help, though *Hercules* call it odds,
I'll stand against both, as I am hem'd in thus.
Say they were a squadron
Of pikes, lined thro' with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em ?
No : I'll thro' the battalia, and that routed,
I'll fall to execution.—Ha ! I am feeble :
Some undone widow fits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't ; and my sword
Glew'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha ! what are these ? Sure,
hangmen,

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat.—Now they are new shapes,
And do appear like furies, with steel whips,
To scourge my ulcerous soul : Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield ? No : spite of fate
I will be forced to hell like to myself ;
Tho' you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—

[*Dragged off by Order and Amble.*

Marr. Is't brave sport ?

Greedy.

Greedy. Brave sport? I'm sure it has ta'en away
my stomach.

I do not like the sauce.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
(An't please your worship) to make the deed nothing?
Certain minerals I us'd,
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum.

Well. You are a rascal. He that dares be false
To a master, tho' unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward,
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenc'd.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison; not a word
But instantly be gone. [Exit Marrall.

Lovell. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take com-
fort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distraction: and for your land, Mr. *Wellborn*,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this the undoubted heir
Of Sir *Giles Overreach*: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on. [Takes the Lady's hand.

Allw. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and till I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.

It is a time of action ; if your lordship
 Will please to confer a company upon me
 In your command, I doubt not, in my service
 To my king and country, but I shall do something
 That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
 And you lov'd for the motion.

Well. Nothing wants then [To the Audience.
 But your allowance—and, in that, our all
 Is comprehended ; it being known, nor we,
 Nor he that wrote the Comedy, can be free,
 Without your *Manumission* ; which if you
 Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
 The poet's and our labours, as you may
 (For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play),
 We jointly shall profess, your grace hath might
 To teach us action, and him how to write.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

End of the Fifth Act.

F I N I S.





